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ROBERT BRIDGES AND HIS POETRY

MARGARET H. GOLD BRINE

High on a hill overlooking the spires of Oxford stands the manor and walled garden of Dr. Robert Bridges, the sixteenth Poet Laureute of England, since the official post was inaugurated with Ben Jonson three hundred years ago. Here the late poet lived in seclusion for many years, devoting himself to the passion of his life—the English language, and producing in slow succession poems which had fewer lapses from perfection than those of any living poet.

The son of a country squire, he received his education at Eton and Oxford and then settled in London, like Keats, to study medicine. It was while assistant physician at a children's hospital that he wrote a poem about a child, which secured for him national recognition in literary quarters. The leading poet of the day contributed to a little volume in praise of the young daughter of a college president, the volume to be called the Garland of Rachel, in imitation of the seventeenth century Guirlande de Julie. The poem of Robert Bridges was adjudged the best. This was in 1881 when Bridges was thirty-seven. The next year he retired to devote himself to literature, country life and a charming wife, the daughter of a Royal Academician.

Bridges succeeded Alfred Austin as poet laureate of England in 1913. He was then in his seventieth year, having been born in 1844, four years after Thomas Hardy and six years before Robert Louis Stevenson. Such has been the sustained power of his genius that even as an octogenarian, he published in 1924 a two hundred line poem of great warmth and vigor, and last year astonished everyone by producing an enormous and complicated poem of four thousand lines entitled "The Testament of Beauty." In this beautiful poem he unrolled the whole philosophy of life. The four books deal with the history of man, the spirit of man, love, genius, art, the will and its relations to the divine, and the life of reason.

The quantity of his works is not large for an authorship of fifty years. The rate of production was as leisurely as the mood of the production itself. It was this masterly inaction which aroused a storm of controversy around the poet laureate's head. Some of those who had held this office before him had been criticized for singing too often, too raucously, seeking to win favor of political friend or sovereign, but none had ever before been upbraided for refusing to sing at all. His silence on occasions of national importance shattered traditions; for in the two volumes which appeared during the sixteen years of his laureateship not more than a score of official pieces are found. He was not interested. Even in his very few official poems the poet is in the ascendant over the laureate. For Bridges had another and a loftier conception of his work.

As a student of language, rhythm and metre, a lover of nature and beauty, he wrote slowly, carefully, critically. His audience has always been, though perhaps small, of the very best. Since his precious little volumes and lyrics appeared at such uneven intervals, he has needed critical advertisement by way of introduction to the public at large. And few critics, save Mr. Francis Brett Young and Mr. J. C. Squire, have ventured to write of Mr. Bridges' work. "Other critics have tended to ignore his achievement in print, even when they admired it in private. For it is not easy to write about poetry like that of Mr. Bridges without making it and your comments look a little unsubstantial. In the presence of pure poetry, criticism dwindles (or expands, according to the way you look at it) into plain appreciation. Thus there has been little or no criticism of sheer song. You cannot argue about a tune; you like it or you don't."

Because of Bridges' secondary interest in the problems of an Anglo-classic prosody, as well as his curious experiments

in quantitative and accentual verse, some believe him to be an eccentric litterateur, one who is interested less in the spirit than in the mechanics of poetry. But Mr. Bridges has always carefully distinguished the experimental part of his work from the rest, and even in his experiments the poet is frequently uppermost.

The spiritual dissatisfaction that seems to be the motive power of poetic creation, is in many English writers attended with a wry face. There is an undercurrent of sadness or of unreal, faery joy in their greatest work. But the greater part of his lyric poetry is the simple expression of a positive joy.

"I have lain in the sun
I have toiled as I might,
I have thought as I would
And now it is night.

My bed full of sleep,
My heart of content
For mirth that I met
The way that I went.

For a happier lot
Than God giveth me
It never hath been,
Nor ever shall be."

"The peculiar originality of his work is its dominating mood of eager delight, a mood that sparkles with the implications of a genuine spiritual fulfilment, the outcome of a faith repeatedly expressed that

". . . in spite of war and death
Gay is life and sweet is breath."

Bridges regards the hard facts of life with a resigned serenity which has always ennobled the greatest poets, and not as do many of the minor poets, does he fail to recognize these uncomfortable facts.

"Only men incredulous of despair
Half taught in anguish, through the midnight air
Beat upward to God's throne in loud excess
Of shrieking and reproach . . . ."

But more often does his poetry possess a freshness and a purity of feeling which suggest the morning of the day, the springtime of the year. His finest sonnet comes close to rapture:

"I would be a bird, and straight on wings I arise,
And carry purpose up to the ends of the air:
In calm and storm my sails I feather, and where
By freezing cliffs the unransom'd wreckage lies:
Or strutting on hot meridian banks, surprise
The silence: over plains in the moonlight bare
I chase my shadow, and perch where no bird dare
In treetops torn by the fiercest winds of the skies.

Poor simple birds, foolish birds! then I cry,
Ye pretty pictures of delight, unstir'd
By the only joy of knowing that ye fly
Ye are not what ye are, but rather, sum'd in a word,
The alphabet of a god's idea, and I
Who master it, I am the only bird."

And again we find his image in our beds of daffodils and tulips as he sings:

"Wanton with long delay, the gay spring leaping cometh;
The blackthorn starreth now his bough on the eve of May;
All day in the sweet box-tree the bee for pleasure hummeth:
The cuckoo sends afloat his note in the air all day."

Some of his lyrics may belong to "descriptive poetry," wherein the delights of the English landscape are reflected. But pictorial verse "rises into poetry by virtue of the author's coloring mood or not at all." Much of modern poetry merely records appearances and details with no direct emotional statement or implication. Not so Mr. Bridges. Even when his descriptive work is at its best, it is full of implication and music. Can one doubt the joy in the heart of the poet as he sings the quatrain above? The gladness is even in the eager rhythm, the concealed rhyme, which runs tripping on like a carefree breath of spring.

His philosophy has been described as that of the "average man." His originality lies in the way in which this philosophy is shown in his poetry. The common experiences of every day are transformed by "the variety and delicacy of a

verbal and metrical command which is one of the richest in the range of English literature."

He has been called "the poet's poet" because of the delight he took in his art. Style was his outstanding achievement. The author of these quiet country pieces and love lyrics is one of the very few living poets whose education and experience has been on the scientific side of knowledge, and he perfected the vehicle of his art and applied it in a manner quite his own.

"He died as happily as a great poet may; he had seen his last poem, difficult, uncompromising, philosophical, selling by the 10,000; he was conscious that there was no poet so young or wild as not to reverence his work; and it had long been made clear that he was regarded by all literate England as a final authority on matters dearest to him after poetry—the English language and the crafts appertaining to it."

THE TRUE PRINCESS

Lovely lady of my childhood
From the past there comes a fragrance
With the memory of your charm.

Sometimes when the molten moon-gold
Light caresses rippling waters
Then my heart returns to you.

When the night wind in the birches
Sets the silver leaves a-swaying
I would have you in my arms.

Valiant knights in many a tourney
Bound your colours on their armour
While I bore them on my heart.

Other loves have left me lonely,
You weave romance for me ever,
Lady of my fairy book.

FRANCES SHILLINGTON.

A CAR FOR MR. RAIN-IN-THE-FACE

E. K. M.

The boat was three hours late leaving Vancouver. Anxious to be on our way we went below to find the cause of the delay. "Still loading," said the Captain briefly when we approached him. We watched the crane take load after load into the hold, and were able to discern some of the cases—Gin from Ireland, Demarara Rum and Canadian Whisky seemed to be the favourites. All were destined for Stewart, the last port in British Columbia. Evidently Alaska is not quite dry! Finally a Ford car was loaded on top and secured with ropes against the rolling when we reached open sea. The car was for a Mr. Rain-in-the-Face at Sitka, Alaska!

The next morning dawned clear, and we could see the waves breaking on the coast half a mile away. As the little boat ploughed her way through the narrow channel between Vancouver Island and the coast of British Columbia we were never more than half a mile from shore. About breakfast time we passed Alert Bay, the city of Totem Poles, which rose like a burnt-out forest along the coast. Originally painted in garish hues, wind and rain had weathered them so that hardly a trace of colour was distinguishable. Towering over all the others stands the Thunder Bird, a powerful mystic emblem of the native tribes of British Columbia. Some of the totem poles have fallen, others stand at crazy angles waiting to be blown down by the next storm, but the Thunder Bird stands erect, a powerful god under whose protection come peace, plenty and good-will.

We passed through the Sound about four o'clock in the afternoon, and in half an hour the decks were deserted. The weather changed, the sky became overcast, and the wind came in fitful gusts. There was a heavy sea. In spite of the precautions the Ford burst its bonds and began to roll across the deck, still secured by one stout rope to the mast. At great personal risk two young deck-hands finally secured it with cables amid the cheers of the onlookers.

After dinner the wind died down, and we came into a fog. We were still hugging the coast of British Columbia and threading our way among many small islands. The revolving searchlights from these islands penetrated the fog and made a path in the water. The fog horn was blowing every six minutes, and twice we passed freighters which emerged like grey spectres and were lost again. Finally the moon rose and shone through rifts in the fog with a peculiar green light. The fog was all around us, but through rifts the mountain tops shone clear, flaunting their snow-capped peaks bathed in the moonlight.

The next morning early I woke with a sudden shock. The fog horn was screeching continuously. Suddenly the ship's engines stopped. I jumped out of bed and looked out the port hole. There was nothing to be seen at first but the greyish fog. I heard people running up and down the decks, and an officer passed swearing audibly. I got on deck as soon as I could. By this time the whole ship was vibrating, which meant the engine was in reverse. In the first light of the morning the mast of a ship was discernible to the starboard. We had evidently bumped her in the fog! I learned later that she was a freighter, the Anyak, and off her course, but both ships were going slowly and no damage had been done. I went back to bed.

The fog cleared off by noon, and we could again see the coast. We passed many Indian villages with scores of small fishing boats drawn up to the wharves, and many white settlements overhung by the smoke from their sawmills, but even Prince Rupert, boasting two grain elevators, sank into insignificance amid the vast grandeurs of nature. The mountains seemed to take grim pride in dwarfing the feeble efforts of man. Beside the rugged mountains and the vast expanse of sky and sea the tiny clusters of shacks hugging the shore were hardly discernible until we were upon them.

Sitka alone seemed to belong. Perhaps it is because she is old, old with age and old with experience, and not a mushroom village grown up overnight to exploit the treasures of the mountains and of the sea. Perhaps the mountains respect the glory of her past and are trying to comfort her old age.

Hidden, with the gloomy picturesqueness of her bay overhung by mountains, Sitka appeared at first glance nothing more than a fishing village. It seemed to differ little from any of the other villages along the coast in its appearance, yet there was an air of quiet dignity about it unaccountable until you wandered down the narrow streets. Here is not the bustle and hurry of a new settlement, but the somnolence of an Old World village which has settled down to watch the world pass by. Founded in 1799, Sitka was Russia's first stronghold in Alaska, the outpost from which she intended to extend the sway of the Imperial Eagle over the continent of North America. Many of the humble fishermen smoking their Russian pipes on the wharf are descendants of those gallant Russian soldiers of fortune who withstood the attacks of the bellicose Thlinget Indians. The Imperial Government gave a monopoly of the fur trade and rights of government and administration to the Russian-American Fur Company, in return for which the Company was bound to bring out settlers and to colonize the country in the name of the Czar. The Russian-American Fur Company incurred the wrath of the Thlinget Indians who attacked Sitka and burned the village to the ground. The inhabitants were forced to find refuge in the surrounding mountains until a ship came from Russia bringing reinforcements. Sitka was rebuilt and stockaded, and the colonists set out to take their revenge on the Indians. Many scenes of bloodshed and murder followed until the Indians were at last driven back into their mountain fastnesses. Even then the colonists were always in danger of their lives, and although Sitka was never attacked again, many of the outlying settlements were entirely wiped out.

The Russian cathedral still stands. Built of wood and painted white, at first glance it resembles many another small church, but the beautiful carving and the mosaics within the church bear witness of skilled workmen brought over from Russia that the gentlemen adventurers of the Russian-American Fur Company might worship in a building befitting their rank. One point of particular interest is that the cathedral bells were made in an iron foundry in Sitka itself at about the same time as our forefathers were building log cabins on the banks of the St. Lawrence river. It is strange to watch the Thlingets of today attend worship in the cathedral. They are Christians, and they speak English (if one can recognize it), but at times they are reported to return to their wooden gods, and even at times show evidences of the former fierce pride with which they fought so nobly for their inheritance.

Alexander Baranov, President of the Russian-American Fur Company from 1790 to 1817, built for himself a veritable palace. It was a large two-storey wooden building unprepossessing from without, but like the cathedral, beautiful within. Skilled workmen from the Imperial palace at St. Petersburg are reported to have carved the pillars and mosaics in the main hall, probably the scene of many a ball and banquet, for at this time Sitka was a port of call for vessels from every corner of the globe and was noted for its hospitality. In fact, Alexander Baranov has left behind him the reputation of being able to drink under the table any Captain of the Seven Seas who visited him!

One could spend an interesting summer in Sitka seeking traces of her romantic past, the golden days of Sitka which you feel in the Russian cathedral and which look at you from the eyes of an Indian woman whose face might be that of a Russian noblewoman done in brown, or an Aleut who wears his faded overalls like a velvet cloak. But the hoarse call of the boat whistle hurried us off before we had a chance to explore the town more thoroughly or to watch Mr. Rain-in-the-Face drive off in his new car!

PH.D.

(A Pre-Oral Nightmare)

Editor's Note:—This potent sample of home-brew was served at the Alumni dinner to Class '30, held on April 14, with the following distinguished gentlemen in the title-rôle: Prof. Makemthink—H. Thornton; Prof. Failahaf—Ted Gowan; M. T. Vacuum—Don MacKenzie; Reg—Reg Lister.

Examiners: Prof. Makemthink, R.S.V.P., P.D.G.; Prof. Failahaf, C.O.D., N.S.F.
Candidate: M. T. Vacuum, B.V.D.

(Failahaf comes into his office after dinner and settles down to read the Eye-Opener.)

Mak. (coming into the office): Hullo, Failahaf, how are things?

Fail. (yawning): Pretty dull—nothing to do.

Mak.: That's how I feel. This is a lazy life—nothing to do year in year out—

Fail.: But reading books and looking wise.

Mak.: Not much excitement. Have some peanuts.

Fail.: No, thank you.

Mak.: Peanuts increase the ergothionene content of the blood. Ergothionene is a strong reducing agent. I always eat peanuts.

Fail.: If we want excitement, why not trickle down to the club, have a beer, and look over the poker prospects.

Mak.: Righto! And on the way I want you to give me your opinion of my new theory?

Fail.: About what?

Mak.: The origin of our educational troubles. I am firmly convinced that they arise primarily from faulty methods in the kindergarten.

(Vacuum comes in just as they reach the door.)

Vacuum: Excuse me, may I come in?

Fail.: Yes, come in. (An inquiring pause.)

Vac.: My oral, sir. My name is Vacuum.

Fail.: Your oral? What do you mean?

Vac.: My Ph.D., sir. I was to come at this hour for my oral examination.

Fail. (flustered): Oh, yes, yes—I had quite forgotten. Please wait outside a minute, Mr. Vacuum. We must consult about this.

(Vacuum steps outside.)

Good Heavens! Makemthink, what shall we do? Do you know how to run this show? The first thing is to get robed, I suppose. What does the fool want a Ph.D. for? He's already got a B.V.D. I wonder if it is a real degree, or if it only means that he studied down South 'before the Volstead Disaster.'

Mak.: Well, well! I'm afraid I have never done this before. Isn't there anybody who could tell us how it's done? I have it—let's ask Reg.!

Fail.: Good idea. (Calling) Reg.!

(Enter Reg.)

Reg., you have many years' experience, and I am sure that you know how this university should be conducted. Now, Reg, we have a man out there who wants an oral examination for a Ph.D. degree. What is the usual way of conducting such an examination?

Reg.: Well, sir, you asks him a lot of questions and you finds out what he doesn't know, and then you gives him a degree.

Mak.: Thank you, Reg. That's quite clear. Thank you. Please bring in Mr. Vacuum's record, Reg.

(Exit Reg.)

Fail.: Splendid! Now let's proceed with the oral examination. You may come in, Mr. Vacuum.

Mak.: I hope the wife and children are quite well?

Vac.: Quite well, thank you.

(Enter Reg with pile of records on dinner wagon and exit.)

Fail.: How long have you been at this University, Mr. Vacuum?

Vac.: Twenty-two years.

Fail.: That is much in your favour. You should know a great deal by now. Tell me, what made you choose this University?

Vac.: Because it has a great future, and its professors are the most learned on the North American continent.

Fail.: Very good! (Aside to Makemthink) Don't you think we have heard enough to give him his degree?

Mak.: Let's ask him a few more questions—you remember there were a few noteworthy points in his examinations.

Fail.: Ah, yes! Mr. Vacuum, there are a few points we should like to clear up in connection with your written papers. Let me see—yes. There are quite a number of them. Are you prepared to defend your very original theory about the famous Papal Bull? You will remember that you started your discussion with this sentence: "The Papal Bull was a mad bull kept by the pope in the Inquisition to trample on Protestants."

Vac.: Yes, sir, I did, but shortly afterwards I found myself on the horns of a dilemma, which is a most uncomfortable position. I have recently come across an article which caused me to change my opinion completely. The Papal Bull was really a cow that was kept at the Vatican to supply milk for the Pope's children.

Mak.: An equally surprising theory! Mr. Vacuum, you have termed Henry the Eighth an ambiguous king. I fail to appreciate the meaning of ambiguous in that connection. Please explain.

Vac.: Ambiguous means having two wives and not being able to get rid of one of them.

Mak.: In your discussion of the state of Europe prior to 1914, you speak of the fatal policy of Ostracism, which made half the continent act as though blind. What is you use of the term Ostracism?

Vac.: Ostracism, sir, means hiding your head in the sand.

Fail.: I see here that you have made the statement that one of the benefits of civilization for which we have to thank Christianity is monotony. Can you explain this?

Vac.: Yes, sir, I referred to the fact that in Christian countries a man can have only one wife.

Fail.: Who was Perkin Warbeck, Mr. Vacuum?

Vac.: Perkin Warbeck said he was the son of a king; really he was the son of respectable parents.

Mak.: What do you know about the battle of Waterloo?

Vac.: Waterloo was a battle fought between Napoleon, Wellington and Blucher, on the playing fields of Eton.

Fail.: Was Joan of Arc an important figure in history?

Vac.: Yes, Joan of Arc was the wife of Noah. She has recently been canonised by Bernard Shaw.

Fail.: What was the principal aim of the men who framed the constitution of the United States?

Vac.: The constitution of the United States was adapted to secure domestic hostility. No great difficulty was experienced in attaining this since most of the country lies in the temperance zone.

Fail.: What were some of the inventions which made possible the Industrial Revolution?

Vac.: Hargreaves invented an improved machine for spinning cotton threads. This machine he called a Jenny in honour of his wife. Crompton, also a married man, invented a similar machine which he termed a mule.

Mak.: I see that on your Literature paper you did not answer the question on Milton. What do you know about him and his works?

Vac.: Milton was a poet who wrote "Paradise Lost." When his wife died he wrote "Paradise Regained."

Fail.: What is the main characteristic of Pope's verse?

Vac.: Pope wrote principally in heroic cutlets.

Fail.: Gray was a well known poet. What is his most famous poem?

Vac.: Er—I think it is Energy in a Country Churchyard.

Mak.: Is modern Scottish poetry in a healthy state of development?

Vac.: No, sir; there are a few Scotch poets alive today, but none of them write free verse.

Mak.: Can you illustrate the influence on our language of mythology?

Vac.: Saturday was named after Saturn and was the day of the great Saturnalian revels and festivities, forerunner of the modern week end. Saturn was the god of Agriculture, and hence we have the adjective saturnine, which means gloomy, morose, grouchy.

Mak.: Perhaps we ought to touch on one or two philosophical questions. Could you define philosophy for us, Mr. Vacuum?

Vac.: If you let it fall, philosophy increases 32 feet per second per second.

Fail.: Who were the Stoics?

Vac.: The Stoics were the disciples of Zero, and believed in nothing.

Mak.: In modern thought what does "liberty of conscience" mean?

Vac.: Liberty of conscience means doing wrong and not worrying about it afterwards.

Fail.: Are you interested in politics, Mr. Vacuum?

Vac.: No, sir.

Fail.: Why not? What is your objection to politicians?

Vac.: A politician, sir, is a man who stands because he wants to sit, and is expected to lie. Therefore he runs. And besides, modern politics are so heterogeneous a young man's mind is left in a perpetual state of flux. I am, for instance, sir, transmogrified when I contemplate my own family; my old man is a liberal, my mother a progressive, the baby's wet, the cow's dry, and the dog's a socialist.

Fail.: Ah, ha, Makemthink, did you hear that? That confirms my theory that certain of the lower primates have intellects. Mr. Vacuum, you might elucidate your statement that the dog is a socialist?

Vac.: Well, you see, he just lies around the house all day and howls.

Mak.: Mr. Vacuum, you have written here that Theosophists believe every mobile living creature to have a soul, and that therefore they eat no meat of any kind. You also say that many of them die early leaving grass widows. I must confess that the connection between a theosophist and a grass widow is not clear to me.

Vac.: Sir, is not a grass widow the wife of a dead vegetarian?

Mak.: Of course! Thank you, Mr. Vacuum. You have answered our questions very well. (*Consults with Fail. and they start to disrobe.*) We shall have great pleasure in recommending you for a Ph.D. in lunar physiography.

Vac.: In what, sir?

Fail.: In lunar physiography.

Vac.: But that is not what I have studied!

Mak.: Young man, you must allow us to be fit judges of what you know best, especially after such a searching examination.

Vac.: But, sir, my thesis——!

Fail.: Ah, yes, your thesis. We *had* forgotten that. Er—what is it again, Mr. Vacuum?

Vac.: It is an introduction to the outline of an investigation into the possibility of growing potatoes in dry regions by planting alternate rows of potatoes and onions, so that the onions by making the potatoes' eyes weep might thus supply the moisture necessary for growth.

Mak.: A most commendable project. I think a Ph.D. in irrigation would meet your case, would it not? And now you are about to accept this university as your Alma Mater, perhaps you could explain for us our university seal.

Vac.: The university was named after the founder's wife, Vera Alberta, but that will soon be unfortunately changed when the A. L. Burt is taken from Alberta. At the bottom are the kernels

of knowledge which culminate in the college bred. Next there is the fresh green pastures, and the hills which must be scaled, by the aid of the yellow sandy paths, representing Tuck shop bills. The mountains symbolise the heights of academic endeavor, but even above that the predominant color is blue, till one has a job. Crowning the whole is that acme of all things, the University calendar, resting upon a firm and enduring foundation—crossed bands of red tape.

(Meanwhile Prof. Fail. has been fingering the records, and taking a sheet of paper he exclaims excitedly:)

Fail.: Stop a minute! Here is something serious. I find by your record that when you were a freshman twenty-two years ago you did not receive credit for Physical Education.

Mak. (looking at the paper also): And it also says that you failed in Grade VI Hygiene. But your crowning lapse, Mr. Vacuum, seems to be your failure to pass the swimming test, which was in force when you registered.

Vac.: I have here a medical certificate exempting me from that, sir.

Mak.: May I see it, please? Ha! Dandruff! Well, the other two deficiencies are sufficiently important. (The Profs. consult.) I'm afraid we cannot grant you your degree.

(Mr. Vacuum faints.)

Fail.: Good heavens! What is the matter?

Mak.: He's fainted.

Fail.: What can we do? This has never happened to me before.

Mak.: I don't know. What does one do when a man faints?

Fail.: Let's call Reg. Perhaps he knows. (He calls Reg, but there is no response.)

Mak.: Well, we can't have him lying around here!

Mak.: Righto! Here, put him on the wagon.

(They wheel him out, unconcernedly chatting the while.)

As I was about to tell you, my theory is that a lot of our troubles would be solved if we were able to introduce blacksmithing in the kindergarten.

BURNED BRIDGES

She burned her bridges one by one,
And all acclaimed the fearless mind
That ventured into realms unknown
With not a wistful look behind.

But I, who felt the veiled reproach,
I too have had my little fires.
I burned my bridges ere I crossed
Into the Land of Far Desires.

GEORGINA H. THOMSON.

Alberta Graduates Household Science Remain in Canada

(Reprint from Edmonton Journal)

By Edna Kells.

Are the graduates of the University of Alberta flocking to other countries in search of opportunity? If the record of the household economics department is any criterion they are not.

Of the fifty students who have graduated since this department was established ten are now teaching household economics; one is teaching science and one grade work; eleven are engaged as dietitians; three are in provincial laboratory work; one in tea room work; another is a home service director; one is a nutritionist; one is attending normal work; and eighteen are married. The remaining two are unaccounted for in most recent records. Only two of those engaged in household economics work are in the United States.

Edmonton girls who are engaged in hospital work are Miss Ada Lent and Miss Margaret Malone, dietitians in the University of Alberta hospital; Miss Ellen Graham, in St. Paul's hospital, Vancouver; Miss Esther Prevey, in the Children's hospital, Winnipeg; and Miss Fern Stacey in the provincial mental hospital, Ponoka.

Miss Dorothy Young, of High River, and Miss Betty Lawson, of Calgary, are engaged in the Vancouver General hospital; Miss Edweena McCaffray, Calgary, is dietitian in the Holy Cross hospital, Calgary; Miss Winnifred Moyle, Didsbury, in a new doctor's hospital, New York; and Miss Jean Folkins, Calgary, is nutritionist in the Children's hospital, Winnipeg. Miss Alice Grazt, of Sunnyside, is dietitian in a new York tea room, and Miss Francis McMillan, of Calgary, is in St. Hilda's college, Calgary.

Miss Greta Simpson, Miss Geneva Fanning and Miss Marjorie Race, of Edmonton, are engaged in laboratory work, the two former in Edmonton, and the latter in the pathology department of the University of Toronto. Miss Hesperia Aylesworth, of Calgary, is director of home service for the Canadian Western Natural Gas, Light, Heat and Power company, Calgary.

Teachers of household economics include four Edmonton girls: Miss Edna Roth in Vancouver, Miss Hazel McIntyre and Miss Reita Brown at the University of Alberta, and Miss Mildred Paskins in Chilliwack, B.C. Miss Inger, of Blackfalds, and Miss Lillian Milne, of Nanton, are teaching in the Vermilion school of agriculture, and Miss Jessie Redig, of Lacombe, in the Raymond school of agriculture. Miss Emily Mayhew, of Lacombe, is teaching in Nanaimo, B.C.; Miss Alice Shearer, of Lacombe, in Edmonton; and Miss Margaret MacFarlane, of Saskatoon, in an instructor in the Saskatoon high schools.

Miss Grace Bard is teaching science, and Miss Beatrice Williams, grade work; Miss Isabel Miller is attending normal school in this city. All are Edmonton girls.

TheUniversity of Alberta was the first university in Canada to put on a household economics degree course. This course is linked up with the arts course, the students taking zoology, bacteriology, chemistry, political economy, psychology and biochemistry, with the regular departments. The household economics course includes the study of textiles, laundry methods, home nursing, sewing, household management, food stuffs and their preparation, hygiene, sanitation, foods and nutrition, diet for the sick, the economics of the home, methods and demonstrations.

Assisting Miss Patrick are Miss Hazel McIntyre and Miss Reita Brown, graduates of the University of Alberta, and Miss Ann Shaver, a graduate of the University of Toronto. All members of the teaching staff have taken short hospital courses.

MOSTLY NONSENSE

Don Bee.

In a ball-room knee-deep with tears, the members of Class '30 stood to attention at two a.m. Friday morning, May 16, while the orchestra played the "God Save the King" to their Varsity days. Let who will talk of formal valedictories (vale—farewell, dicto—I say, old man), anyone who has ever said good-bye to anyone knows that the dignified farewells which preface departure are nothing better than rehearsals. At rehearsals the photographs of the chorus are taken so that the public will not be robbed of its privilege of showing openly its most sincere sympathy for those taking part in the show. But youth has a tenacity which only mellow age seems able to comprehend. While there was still a Varsity dance to go to, the last (and best) of college years had not yet run its course. Who care to look for a job when the precious hours can still be loafed away with that rich enjoyment the taste for which we spend years in developing? I wonder if that last sentence was grammatical. Some asterisks, please.

* * *

Thank you. Dean Boyle gave the Graduation Address, and his eloquence convinced many that the University did wrong in expelling him for smoking in the halls. There was a delightful honesty about his very personal advice, and the twenty minutes he had allowed himself came to an end much too quickly. Unfortunately there were some who could not hear him. His earlier remarks were more widely heard. Personally—(this may be a harsh thing to say and an ungallant one, but one which someone should say)—personally, I hope that those loyal "friends" of the University who enjoy the pageantry of Convocation and "have never missed one," will consider the greater claims of parents before deciding to attend next year. Dean Boyle said he wished these people were out picking daisies. So did the mothers and fathers who were standing in the doorways as a reward for the hundreds of miles travel they had done to see Mary Lou graduate. Three lumps, please.

* * *

The Alumni Banquet was enlivened by a skit, chiefly noteworthy because of its introduction of the one and only Reg to the University stage. The speeches were splendid too—quite brief. The best sapiens crevis of the evening was Fulton Gillespie's reference to Professor Burt's "going down in History." We all laughed, like to died some of us. Then we danced. The floor was a little sticky from wads of chewing gum up by the head table, but nonobdy cared much. Then Tubby said he'd drive us home, and when we got there he said, "There's no hurry; I'll smoke a cigarette." When I came back he said, "I haven't finished it yet—quite."

* * *

Convocation was hot, as usual, but not as long. To make up for this the Graduation Ball lasted fairly late. It really ended at the Shasta around breakfast time, but I had to leave early to deliver my papers. As usual, the dance floor was a study in black and white, most of the girls wearing their graduation gowns. There was fruit salad instead of the customary chicken, and "Class '30" was printed on the icing of the cakes. This was too bad, as it was so prettily done that people decided they weren't supposed to cut the cakes. And while the violins sang out the waltzes there were flames which burnt high indeed. Some will now be ashes, but some were carried away still burning, and mention will be made of these in another department of this magazine in the next few issues.

* * *

There's something gay and attractive about the idea of a class spending its last Varsity hours at the dance. It's typical for one thing; nothing could take the place of dance music as a fitting "thirty" for '30.

BOOK REVIEW

Sada F. Kiteley.

"NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER"

By Richard Haliburton

When Richard Haliburton graduated from the University he was tired of a Present that is too much with us; he had had a sufficiency of tours "de luxe," where the flitting scenery is the only alteration from one's life at home. He turned his face to the old world, the world of his dreams, and turned vagabond. In his trampings about the earth he met the past in the present, in the surviving customs of the people and in the glorious monuments of ages dead, from the solid Pyramids to the graceful Taj Mahal. And in "The Royal Road to Romance," more even, than centuries and pictures, we find the boy himself, the irrepressible, young Richard, seeking adventure and meeting life, swimming the Hellespont, climbing the Matterhorn, stealing railway rides in India, crossing the forbidden Afghanstan border and becoming beautifully intoxicated with wine and folk-dancing in Spain.

The heroes, too, of the old world and long-gone times had captured the boy's imagination. In his second book, "The Glorious Advtnture," Richard Haliburton became Ulysses and traced those ill-starred but fascinating voyagings about the isles of the Mediterranean to a safe anchorage in Ithaca.

Then the new world beckoned. The centuries roll back with the opening of the cover of "New Worlds to Conquer." We stand on the Santa Maria beside Columbus when he sights San Salvador, the beginning of all the Americas. Then, by the turn of a page, we rediscover it with Haliburton, again in the Santa Maria, this time no frail sailing bark, but a droning seaplane.

On the shores of Vera Cruz stout Cortez burned his ships and went on to conquer Mexico, lured by the hope of Aztec gold. There Halliburton burns his driftwood "ships" and is off to follow Cortez "with a staff for my sword, a sombrero for my helmet, a burro for my prancing steed, and my own father, the best of companions, for the conquering army."

During his wanderings, Halliburton climbed Popocatepetl and looked down into the vast smoking crater with its snow-powdered edges, found the Inca gold and the hidden city of the Sun God, stood upon the "peak in Darien" from which Balboa first saw the Pacific ocean, met Leguia, the illustrious President of Peru, visited Alexander Selkirk's island, and slept quite cozily with a baby ocelot.

The romantic idea of swimming from ocean to ocean had bitten deep into the mind of Richard Halliburton, and at last he determined to swim the Panama Canal. He managed to elude the alligators and the barracudas, and insisted upon being locked through like a ship; and like a ship he paid toll according to his tonnage, an amount of 36 cents. All traffic in the Canal had to be held up while the slow-moving S.S. Richard Halliburton swam its way through the locks.

In Buenos Aires our Richard became enamored of a rascally and diminutive monkey. When he had bought Nino he felt constrained to purchase the hand-organ too. Suddenly deciding upon a career as a hurdy-gurdy man, he and Nino blithely worked their way overland to Rio.

Later he visited the French penal colony on the Iles du Salut, off the shore of French Guiana. The vivid description gives some idea of what a horrible blot on our vaunted civilization the place is. The misery and aching horror of this living death, particularly in the "bean pits," the special prison cells, is difficult for us to realize. For the prisoner there is no escape but by death, or a more questionable happiness in the madness that stares at him through monotonous

days empty of hope, until at last it breaks down the final barrier of sanity.

The book is topped off with an episode in which Halliburton lives after the manner of Robinson Crusoe on Crusoe's island. He has all the accessories from his man Toosday, to the goats, Hyacinth, Quelques Fleurs and Listerine.

The adventurous Richard is still dashing and amusing, but he is not quite such a boy as the chap who captivated us in "The Royal Road to Romance." He is more capable, perhaps more thoughtful; one does not visit the Iles du Salut for fun. He has, however, in no way lost his power to recreate for himself and so for us, the pomp and pageantry of ancient ritualistic ceremonies. His is the terror of the sacrificial victim to the bloody Aztec gods. His is the brave but disillusioned spirit of the Maya warrior who follows the little bride-to-be of the Rain God when she is tossed down the well of sacrifice at the break of dawn. So much is that spirit his, so filled is the air with ghosts of past processions to that Sacred Well, so fascinating is its baleful, gleaming surface, that he too, leaps down its sheer 70 feet into the slimy kingdom of the Maya Rain God.

If we cannot roam the far reaches of the earth ourselves we can, at least thank the ancient gods for Richard Halliburton who can and does, and brings back for us a thrill of adventure and romance.

Sada F. Kiteley.

NEW ADDRESSES

Rev. *John R. Geeson*, '16, '20, '22, Irma, Alberta; *Miss J. Cook*, '24, Box 296, Hanna, Alberta; *Miss Hazel M. Johnson*, '29, 04817 Madison, Spokane, Wash.; *L. A. Walker*, '25, 10743 106th St., Edmonton; *J. W. Bayne*, '29, 3012 1st St. W., Calgary; *S. G. MacDonald*, '25, '28, 122 8th Ave. W., Calgary; *L. Shulman*, '26, 2744 14th St. W., Calgary; *R. J. Brown*, '29, Box 593, Melfort, Sask.; *G. C. French*, '26, Wetaskiwin, Alberta; *M. G. McCallum*, '26, New Dayton, Alberta; *J. A. McKay*, '29, Donalda, Alberta; *G. L. Parney*, '21, '24, 11647 124th St., Edmonton; *L. Pekarsky*, '29, 10916 98th St., Edmonton; *T. D. Stanley*, '29, High River, Alberta; *Miss L. Van Idour*, '24, 9933 108th St., Edmonton; *Miss A. L. Waldo*, '29, 537, 7th St., Medicine Hat; *H. J. Wilson*, '15, 10918 80th Ave., Edmonton; Miss *Nancy Rudolph*, '27, 29 Mathers Ave., West Vancouver, B.C.; *W. D. McDougall*, '29, 11130 81st Ave., Edmonton; *E. R. Lewis*, '29, 12 Leamington Apts., Edmonton; *G. R. Conquest*, '27, 10828 126th St., Edmonton; Mrs. *James Evans* (nee *Helena Kerr*), '22, 829 Commerce and Transportation Bldg., Toronto; *F. M. Etheridge*, '25, c|o C.M.S. Co., Trail, B.C.; *A. Leahey*, '25, '27, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.; Mrs. *W. Nelson* (nee *Constance McLaughlin*), '21, Spruce Grove, Alberta; Sister *M. E. McNamara*, '18, '20, Convent F.C.J., Holt Hill, Birkenhead, England.

Please turn now to the "lost sheep" listed elsewhere, and see if you cannot restore some of them to the fold.

EDITORIAL

Adherents of the cult of Bigger and Better will be pleased to learn that the University Year-Book, the *Evergreen and Gold*, keeps pace with the steady growth of the University. The 1929-30 issue appears even to the casual observer decidedly fatter and more prosperous than former issues, and to graduates of ten or fifteen years ago the bulky volume with its embossed leather cover would appear almost flambuoyant in its prosperity. Loyalty to their own class and to the *Evergreen and Gold* of their recollection would, of course, compel them to protest that bigger does not necessarily imply better.

In justice to its editors it must be admitted, however, that this year's issue is a great credit to them both in its completeness and in the artistry of its design. Several pages devoted to fraternities and sororities impress graduates of former years with the fact that our University has definitely stepped beyond the restrictions of an earlier day.

Apparently its coming-of-age has had the usual effect of making the University impatient of the limitations of the One-Big-Happy-Family ideal.

Still another indication that the University is now quite grown up is the fact that for the first time in its history the accommodation this year proved quite inadequate for the number of students registered. Lecture-rooms, laboratories and residences were all filled to overflowing, and in spite of the urgent claims of the C.O.T.C. Convocation Hall had to be converted into a class-room for draughtsmanship. As a result we are informed that next year will see a decided tightening up in the entrance requirements. Only one condition will be permissible, and applicants whose matriculation marks show a bare pass will be strongly advised to stay away.

It is understood that a statistical investigation is under way to determine the success in past years of students entering university with a margin of around five marks above the necessary 50% for matriculation, and it is highly probable that a recommendation to raise the official entrance standard will be made.

The attitude of the University authorities is that too much effort is wasted on the mediocre student and that more time, laboratory space and equipment should be at the disposal of the superior type of student.

It is a relief to find that at least in Alberta the cry of "a higher education for everybody" is to be restricted in its application to the high school, and not be permitted as it has in many universities on this continent to debase the standard of scholarship of our topmost educational institution.

One more aspect of the growth of our University is the concurrent increase in Alumni membership. From the point of view of *The Trail* it is a matter for regret that the paid-up membership does not increase in a similar ratio. The financing of *The Trail* should be easier each year, but a study of the Treasurer's report in this issue will show this is far from the case, the surplus this year being insufficient to allow for any allotment to the Henry Marshall Tory Scholarship fund.

The Trail could be self-supporting provided a sufficient revenue from advertisements, but Alumni members should remember first that up to the present the business manager has always given his services voluntarily, and that soliciting for advertising is, to say the least, a thankless task; secondly, advertisers value a magazine as a medium for advertising from the point of view of its paid-up subscribers only; thirdly, that they expect tangible evidence of the success of their advertisement. At the risk of appearing grossly importunate, we would again remind Alumni that they can help *The Trail* by paying their fees, submitting articles and news and patronizing *Trail* advertisers.

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the Association was held jointly with the Edmonton branch in Athabaska Hall on May 9, 1930. About 45 members attended. Dr. Gillespie occupied the chair.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted, on the motion of Mr. Emery and Miss J. McQueen.

Election returns were then announced as follows:

President: Mr. L. Y. Cairns, '12.

First Vice-President: Miss M. Simpson, '22, '25, '30.

Second Vice-President: Mr. E. W. Stutchbury, '22, '24.

Third Vice-President: Mrs. D. H. McKnight, '22.

Secretary: Mr. G. B. Taylor, '23, '25.

Treasurer: Mr. K. R. Jamieson, '24, '26.

The President then called attention to his mimeographed report which had been placed in the hands of those present, and which is appended to these minutes. He then called on the Treasurer.

Mr. Newson, in his interim report, indicated that the financial situation was quite serious, and that it might not be possible to allot any money to the Scholarship Fund. This report was accepted, with regret, by the meeting on the motion of Mr. Newson and Miss Anna Wilson.

The meeting then adjourned.

Appendix

President's Report

The Alumni Association has had three specific lines of endeavor in its general work of preserving mutual contact and interest between university and graduates.

The first of these is the publication of *The Trail*. It is a pleasure to record our appreciation of Mr. R. V. Clark's work as editor. He and the business manager, Mr. E. E. Dutton, have met the old difficulties and some new ones peculiar to the current year. The various issues of the magazine are the best of evidence of a loyal and successful service to the association.

The second department of our work is found in the activities of branch organizations. Both the Edmonton and the Calgary branches have been very successful in their various meetings during the past term, and their continuance as permanent institutions is assured. The formation of a new branch in Winnipeg this past winter, under the effective leadership of Mr. Walter Herbert, is a source of pardonable pride to us all, and the best wishes of the Alumni go out to the latest addition to our family.

The Henry Marshall Tory Scholarship Fund is our most recent venture. This is the most ambitious task to which the Association has set its hand, and is one that symbolizes in an appropriate manner, not only the vision and labours of our beloved first President, but also the ideals and traditions of our pioneer days. The Fund is slowly growing, and we are glad to acknowledge the splendid gift of $100 last summer from the Edmonton branch. Your Council has placed the administration of this trust in the competent hands of Messrs. West, Dixon Craig, and the Treasurer of the Association.

In conclusion, it is a happy duty to record our appreciation of the splendid services of our enthusiastic secretary, Mr. G. B. Taylor, to whom is due in a very large measure, the progress that is made from year to year. His great memory for former students, his untiring efforts to maintain contact with them, and his thorough understanding of the problems of the Alumni are most valuable factors in the furtherance of the Council's work. The treasurer, Mr. Frank Newson, has been most efficient in handling the difficult financial problems of the Association during the year as his report shows. The whole-hearted co-operation of each member of the Council has made the year an inspiration. To be President of the Alumni Association has been an honor, but to work with such an executive has indeed been a rare privilege.

W. F. GILLESPIE,
President.

May, 1930.

D P McDONALD
Mrs L E MORRISON
1st Vice Pres
Dr WALLACE
Honorary President
Dr Fulton Gillespie
President
Mrs O HAW
2nd Vice Pres
D C HAWORTH
R V CLARK
Editor "Trail"
U A
ALUMNI
ASSOCIATION
1929
~30
W A HERBERT
C B TAYLOR
Secretary
F J NEWSOM
Treasurer
E E DITTON

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

President.....Mr. L. Y. Cairns, '12, 11039 90th Ave., Edmonton.
First Vice-President.....Miss M. Simpson, '22, '25, '30, 11122 88th Ave., Edmonton.
Second Vice-President.....Mr. E. W. Stutchbury, '22, '24, Westlock, Alberta.
Third Vice-President.....Mrs. D. H. McKnight, '22, 2707 Buena Vista Ave., Alameda, California.
Secretary.....Mr. G. B. Taylor, '23, '25, University of Alberta.
Treasurer.....Mr. K. R. Jamieson, '24, '26, 10503 Saskatchewan Drive, Edmonton.

OFFICERS OF THE CALGARY BRANCH

President.....Dr. D. C. Haworth, '28, 216 12th Ave., Calgary.
Vice-President.....Miss H. L. Aylsworth, '28, c|o Canadian Western N.G.L.H. and P. Co., Calgary.
Secretary.....Miss Frances MacMillan, '28, 1305 Prospect Ave., Calgary.
Treasurer.....Mr. James McMillan, '24, c|o Calgary Power Co., Calgary.
Members of the Executive:
Miss Catherine Williams, '22, 1719 33rd Ave. S.W., Calgary.
Miss Rachel Horner, '29, 815 19th Ave. W., Calgary.
Mr. Eric Stuart, '27, '29, 718 7th Ave. W.. Calgary.
Mr. Fred Irwin, '27, 431 4th Ave. W., Calgary.
Mr. James Mahaffy, '25, 614 1st St. N.E., Calgary.

OFFICERS OF THE EDMONTON BRANCH

President.....Mr. H. J. Macdonald, '21, Bank of Montreal Bldg., Edmonton.
Vice-President.....Miss Carman Dixon Craig, '27, University of Alberta, Edmonton.
Secretary.....Miss Maimie Simpson, '22, '25, 11122 88th Ave., Edmonton.
Treasurer.....Mr. K. R. Jamieson, '24, '26, 915-18 McLeod Bldg., Edmonton.
Members of the Executive:
Miss Grace Studholme, '25, 9739 108th Street, Edmonton.
Mr. Kenneth Duggan, '25, 11017 89th Avenue, Edmonton.

OFFICERS OF THE WINNIPEG BRANCH

President.....Mr. W. B. Herbert, '23, '26, 21 Fairmont Apts., Winnipeg.
Vice-President.....Miss Jean Folkins, '27, Children's Hospital, Winnipeg.
Secretary-Treasurer.....Dr. W. F. Hanna, '22, '23, Rust Research Laboratory, Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg.

TREASURER'S REPORT

EXHIBIT "A"

INCOME, EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT
For Year ending May 31st, 1930

Income

Membership Dues:	
Calgary Branch	$ 39.00
Edmonton Branch	85.00
Winnipeg Branch	7.00
Members at Large	344.75
Total	$475.75
Trail Advertising	337.26
	$813.01
Expenditures:	
Stationery and Printing	$ 36.95
Postage	37.25
Evergreen and Gold, cut	22.90
Donations	4.00
Bad debts	4.25
Deficit in Banquet	15.15
Trail Expenses:	
Printing and cuts	417.45
Wrapping and mailing	162.30
	$700.25
Excess of Income over Expenditures	$112.76

Surplus Account

Surplus as at May 31st, 1929	$102.43
Net income, year ended May 31st, 1930	112.76
Surplus at May 31st, 1930	$215.19

EXHIBIT "B"

BALANCE SHEET
As at May 31, 1930

Assets

Cash on hand		$ 30.0
Balance on deposit at University of Alberta		103.6
Accounts Receivable, Trail		85.1
Scholarship Endowment Fund:		
Investment, per contra, Bonds, at par value	$600.00	
Premium and Interest Accrued on Bonds	10.16	
Cash on deposit in National Trust Company	73.27	
		683.4
		$902.2

Liabilities

Scholarship Endowment Fund, per contra	$687.0
Surplus as at May 31st, 1930	215.1
	$902.2

F. J. Newson,
Treasure

May, 1930.

G. B. Taylor, whose recent appointment to the position of Asst. Registrar to the University is announced. Congratulations, Geoff!

WINNIPEG BRANCH OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Report of the Secretary.

Graduates and former students of the University of Alberta resident in Winnipeg met on the evening of December 13, 1929, and decided to organize a Winnipeg Branch of the University of Alberta Alumni Association. A Branch Constitution was adopted, and the following officers were elected: Honorary President, Dr. D. A. MacGibbon; President, W. B. Herbert; Vice-President, Miss Jean Folkins; Secretary-Treasurer, W. F. Hanna. Twenty-two former students of the University were present at this meeting.

A second meeting was arranged for the evening of February 21, when members of the Branch held an informal dinner. The guest of honor was Dr. Gordon, at that time in Winnipeg as Exchange Professor from the University of Alberta. Those present much appreciated hearing Dr. Gordon tell of the events of particular interest which have occurred at the University in recent years.

At the present time there are about thirty-five graduates or former students of the University of Alberta living in Winnipeg. Some of these have not yet identified themselves with the Branch Association, but it is expected that in the near future most of them will do so. It is felt that an organization such as this can be of great service in bringing together former students of the University and in keeping them in touch with their Alma Mater.

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ALUMNI NOTES

From an alumni point of view the first event of Convocation Week was the Annual Meeting of the Association, held jointly with the Edmonton Branch. A full account appears elsewhere in this issue. Next came the dinner to Class '30 held according to tradition on the night before degree day. Of the three hundred odd present nearly half were graduates, and a fair number of parents were to be noticed. Particularly welcome guests were Dr. Boyle, Professor and Mrs. Burt (who are leaving for the University of Minnesota during the summer), and Mrs. Lehmann. *Jack Lucas*, president of Class '30, proposed the toast to the University.

"You men and women will forget the circumstances and surroundings of your university days, but you will remember men who meant much to you in the shaping of your lives, thoughts and ideals, and your aspirations in things intellectual," said Dr. Wallace, in reply.

"The university will grow, have its own problems. We need your sympathy, interest, appreciation and criticism. The problem of the graduates in relationship to the university is a difficult one today. We wish you to know it, not only the university of memory, but also the university as it grows, lives and is in being."

L. Y. Cairns, '12, newly elected president of the Association, gave the toast to the graduating class, and *Hugh Morrison*, '30, Rhodes Scholar-elect, responded. Then *Tubby Thornton*, '22, *Ted Gowan*, '23, '25, and *Don MacKenzie*, '28, '30, showed us just how a Ph.D. oral ought to be conducted. The sight of two learned profs calmly discussing philosophical questions while removing the unconscious candidate on a dinner wagon was well worth seeing.

The usual crowd assembled to watch Convocation in spite of the fact that Dr. Boyle, the speaker of the day, advised all but the graduating students to go out and pick daisies on the campus! It is hoped that his address may be printed in this magazine—the acoustics of Convocation Hall are not uniformly good. Of the post-graduate degrees awarded most went to alumni as follows: LL.B.—*Helen Carnes* '28, *Eleanor Corneille* '28, *Arthur Hobbs* '28, *Don MacKenzie* '28, and *Max Wershof* '28; M.D.—*Anna Wilson* '26, *Guy Brearley* '26, *Herbert Claxton* '26, *Fergus Johnston* '26, *Gordon Johnston* '26, *John Large* '26, *John Macgregor* '26, *Clifford Skitch* '26, *Earl Walker* '26, and *Ernest Watts* '26; M.A.—*Rieta Brown* '28, and *Margaret Shanks* '23; M.Sc.—*George Brewer* '26, *Wray Drake* '22, *George Field* '29, *William Foster* '28, *Harold Rieber* '27, and *Roland Young* '28; B.D.—*Frank Harback* '27, and *Tom Hart* '22, '24; B.Educ.—*Maimie Simpson*, '22, '25, and *William Swift* '24, '27. Among the first people to receive the Diploma and High School Teacher's Certificate given by the newly established School of Education were several alumni, to wit: *Dorothy Hill* '28, *Mary Lehmann* '29, *Dorothy McBain* '30, *Isobel MacNab* '28, *Annie Waldo* '29, and *A. Cotsman* '30.

The LL.D. "honoris causa" was bestowed on Mr. S. G. Blaylock, of the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co.; Mr. W. H. Fairfield, of the Dominion Experimental Farm at Lethbridge; Mr. J. T. Ross, Deputy Minister of Education for Alberta; Mr. J. C. F. Bown, senior member of the Bar in Edmonton; and Dr. A. L. F. Lehmann, lately head of the department of Chemistry.

Out of town alumni attending Convocation Week affairs were: Dr., '27, and Mrs. *R. L. Anderson* (nee *Mertle Morrow*), '25, of Smoky Lake; *D. M. Philpotts*, '28, of Lloydminster; Rev. *T. Hart*, '22, '24, of Mannville; and Dr. *J. W. Giffen*, '25, '29, of Strathmore.

Now to the real business of this column. First let me add my word of welcome to those already spoken to Class '30. To these our latest members: You are joining the ranks of a not undistinguished regiment already about 1,400 strong, and the least that is expected of you is to

keep the "adjutant" informed of the field location where your camgaign is being waged. Later on, when the enemy front line has collapsed and reparations begin to come in, the paymaster will be delighted to receive your bits of sky-blue pink paper with "Pay to the order of....." as their "motif." Meanwhile, dig in and do your bit for the U. of A. whenever occasion arises.

1912—1916

Several alumni are in the political field for the provincial elections this summer. One of these is *W. R. Howson*,' 15, '16, who will stand as a Liberal candidate in the provincial riding of Edmonton.

Fred R. Riley, '16, of Big Valley, Alberta, says: "I was stunned when I opened the last issue of *The Trail* and saw the title of the first article, "Dubitationes de Religio Medici." However, I recovered sufficiently to read it, and found it not so formidable as the title might indicate, and in fact extremely interesting. I was also pleased to see the name of C. L. Gibbs to an article. The last time I saw Mr. Gibbs was at Bramshott Camp when he, as a Sergeant, was instructing a class of us in "Parlez-vous francais." Success to your efforts."

With reference to an item under his name appearing in Vital Statistics, *Gordon L. (Cap) Kidd*, '16, says: "This makes two each, mathematically speaking we've squared the original number. I haven't worked out the graph yet, but it appears to follow the tangent law starting at zero and going to infinity in the first quadrant. (I think we had better page the professor of mathematics!) However, the formula works and that's the main thing. Cheerio! and many of them."

Mayor *Harry A. White*, '16, '18, of Mundare, Alberta, has received the Liberal nomination for the provincial riding of Vegreville.

1917—1920

J. W. McKinney, '17, of 112 Spring St., Berlin, N.H., says: "*The Trail* is always a welcome visitor—there is not much chance of seeing many Alberta grads down here, so I am afraid I have no news." "Even though my fees have been so often neglected I always enjoy reading my copy of *The Trail*," says Mrs. *W. F. Beamish* (nee *Klyne E. Moraw*), '18. *W.M. Fleming*, '19, writes from the Dominion Experimental Station at Summerland, B.C. (see Vital Statistics). He restores a lost sheep to the fold in the person of *N. F. Bell*, '19, who "is District Supervisor of Illustration Stations for Alberta and Saskatchewan, and is located at the Dominion Experimental Station, Scott, Sask." An appointment of interest to Class '20 is that of *S. O. Hillerud*, B.S.A., to the post of provincial apiarist for Alberta. I met *Bob Hollies*, '20, '21, in the Arts Building not long ago, and learned that he is now to be found at 425 19th Avenue N.W., Calgary. *Dave*

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Teviotdale, '20, '21, is to be congratulated on passing his Ph.D. exams at Stanford, where he teaches Political Economy. Mrs. *Teviotdale* (nee Agnes Wilson), '12, is visiting Edmonton this summer.

1921—22

P. L. F. Riches, '21, is now principal of the Alexandra High School at Medicine Hat, Alberta. Mrs. *Duncan McKnight* (nee *Christine McQueen*), '22, writes from 2707 Buena Vista, Alameda, California: "We see the Lambs occasionally (*Bob*, '23, and Mrs. *Lamb* (nee *Lois Black*), 22, and Duncan saw *Sig Nielson*, '22, '24, and *Dave Teviotdale*, '20, '21, at Stanford the other day. *Elmsley Gardiner*, '22, is still in Berkeley, and there are others of the old flock about here and there. I think I'll have to go back next year and see for myself that our class tree is flourishing and that the Faculty are carrying on just as though I were there to supervise them." Rev. *G. H. Villett*, '22, has accepted a call to McDougall United Church, Edmonton. *Norman L. Plummer*, '22, writes from 87 Union Building, Calgary, to say that *P. W. Downing*, '25, is doing very well in New York City, and that the address is P.O. Box 43, Sidney, New York. Many thanks, Mr. Plummer. "The only U. of A. alumnus I have seen lately," says *Douglas Simpkin*, '22, of Noranda, P.Q., "was *L. V. Bell*, '25, who passed through here last fall returning from a geological survey. Personally, I am doing as I have done for seven years, drawing pictures of plant changes and additions." *Peter Miskew*, '22, '26, of Edmonton, has been chosen as the U.F.A. candidate for the provincial constituency of Victoria. *W. N. Drake*, '22, who has been back at Varsity this session and who has taken his M.Sc. this spring, has been awarded a scholarship in organic chemistry at the University of Wisconsin. Good boy, Stogie!

1923—1925

Class '23, not content with success in many other lines, now is to have a go at politics in the person of its president, *George Bryan*, '23, '25, who has received the Liberal nomination for the provincial riding of Stony Plain. *Bert Rudd*, '23, '25, was an Easter visitor. He tells me that he is teaching Geography and History in the Lethbridge High School. His address is 313 12th St. S., Lethbridge. *Lesley M. Heathcote*, '24, '28, "is trying to satisfy that restless spring feeling by moving" to Apt. 3, Roberta Apts., 1119 E. 43rd St., Seattle, Wash." She says further: "I still occasionally see *Erma Nichols*, '27, and *Marion Jamieson*, '27, on the campus (former's address wanted, please.—G.B.T.) both earnestly engaged in the pursuit of knowledge. I, too, succumbed to the urge in January, and have been studying Italian. However, now that spring is with us I have decided it was a silly idea, and June will be the end of it. Next time it's going to be some-

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thing sensible like fencing or rifle-shooting, or even golf!"

The new chief of the agricultural branch of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics at Ottawa is *T. W. "Bill" Grindley*, '24, '25. *W. T. Fanjoy*, '24, of 223 Crescent St., Peterboro, Ont., says: "*Frank Kunst*, '27, *Jack Willis*, '27, *J. J. Taylor*, '28, and myself are still with the Canadian General Electric here. *Cliff Osterland*, '26, who left the company for a while to work in the west, came back the first of the year, and is now in the Switchboard Engineering Department." *Eric Cormack* and *Mrs. Cormack* (nee *Barbara Villy*), '24, were to be seen "looking things over" on April 30, when the British headmasters were visiting Edmonton. They farm at Alix, Alberta. *G. W. T. Watts*, '25, '28, after spending the winter at the University is now interning at the Provincial Mental Institute, Ponoka. *Jack Gerrie*, '24, '27, is back from Toronto, and is practising at Cadomin, Alberta. Mrs. Gerrie (nee *Mona Tredway*), '28, will spend the summer in Edmonton with her parents (15 Dunston Apts.).

1926

A delightful letter to hand from *Jean Williamson Whitelaw*, '26, of 21 Ambassador Court, 612 Bank St., Ottawa. She says in part: "*Frank Grindley*, '25, '26, has been visiting his brother Bill, '24, '25, here, but has finally torn himself away and has returned to the West. *Mae Massie*, '29, had tea with me not long ago. We also had a "grand" talk feast at the *Johns*', '25, one evening. *Eleanor Cautley*, '28, of course I see quite often, but have not seen *Dorothy Hartshorn*, '28, for ages. That seems to be about the limit of the Alberta clan here. I hear that Professor Burt is going to Minnesota. No matter how fortunate on-coming students may be, we shall feel sorry for them because they will not have had Sunday tea in front of the Burt's fireplace!"

J. W. Sutherland, '26, '28, who has been an instructor in Chemistry this session, has been awarded a scholarship by the Pulp and Paper Industry of Canada for the advanced study of physical chemistry in connection with that industry. Mr. Sutherland will work at McGill next session. *A. S. Barker*, '26, has been appointed manager of the Vancouver office of the Investor's Syndicate. I am indebted to Miss *M. Clermont*, '26, 3323 13th Ave., Regina, for the information that *Miss E. M. Clermont*, '25, is teaching French in the High School of Prince Albert, Sask. (Address: Y.W.C.A.). "I am still teaching near Irma," says *Bessie H. Scott*, '26, of Kinsella, Alberta, "but last summer I spent ten delightful weeks in Scotland and England. One of the most impressive things I saw was the Scottish National War Memorial in Edinburgh Castle."

1927

Lester S. Glass, '27, writes to the Treasurer from the office of the Canadian Government Trade Commissioner at Rotterdam, Holland. He says: "What with having to educate myself to realize that I am listening to a modern language (it is ultra modern, if you ask me!) and put up with the rigors of a Dutch winter, I am convinced that I am one of the spirits we hear about which are chained to this world of ours. . . . Still it won't be long now, but it may be into the fire this time. Perhaps my next two dollars will come from Borneo—who knows? I suppose you know that *Ponzi Palmer* (*Max B.*), '23, has become possessed of an infant. (We didn't know—how about some news from Hamburg, please?—G.B.T.) It has been rather interesting to watch how the Alberta profs are being snatched away. Soon one won't be able to recognize the place. How has the hockey been going? So far as Varsity is concerned I never hear a word from one year's end to the other." Class '27 take notice — here's a chance to do a good turn.

I saw *Florence Borden*, '27, with a party of students from Camrose who were "exploring" the University. She is

teaching languages there. Col. Dunn tells me that *W. D. Goldberg*, '27, is now with La Parisienne Drug Co., Edmonton. *Nelson and Mrs. Chappell* (nee *Mabel Nix*), both '27, have returned from Chicago and are sojourning at Grande Prairie at present. Hoosier, Sask., remains the address of *Dorothy Werthenbach*, '27. *L. E. Kindt*, '27 (Nanton, Alberta), turned up the other day from Minnesota, where he took his M.A. in Agricultural Economics. He tells me that *Hal Gray*, '23, is still at the University of Minnesota working towards his Ph.D. in entomology, and that *B. H. Wilson*, '27, (M.S. Minnesota), is at the Dominion Experimental Farm at Indian Head, Saskatchewan.

Harold Reiber, '27, who has been in the Industrial Laboratory lately, has gained a teaching fellowship in the Department of Chemistry of the University of California. *R. U. Harwood*, '27, '28, has left for eastern Canada. In the autumn he will take up a teaching fellowship in biochemistry at the University of Toronto. *E. S. M. Wyman*, '27, of 10606 84th Avenue, Edmonton, was admitted to the bar of Alberta on May 21, 1930. *G. R. Lyle*, '27, who has been in the library of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, this winter will be found c|o Library Department, Columbia University, New York City, from now on. *H. M. Hunter*, '27, 1419 9th St. W., Calgary, blew into the office not long ago with *Edgar Duncan*, who will be remembered by many of the Applied Science boys. They are both on geological field work for the Canadian Western Light, Heat and Natural Gas Co. of Calgary. *Frank F. Tallman*, '27, State Hospital, King's Park, Long Island, N.Y., sends the following newsy note with his fees: "We enjoy *The Trail* very much. We have seen *George Bradley*, Med. '28, *Don Currie*, Med. '28, and *Jimmy Campbell*, Med. '29. *Brad* is at the 5th Avenue Hospital, New York City, *Don* at the City Hospital, Jamaica, and *Jimmie* at the County Hospital, Grasslands, Westchester County, N.Y. I am in New York State Psychiatry, and am enjoying life greatly." Glad to hear from you, Doc.—many thanks for the news.

1928—1929

Congratulations to *W. R. Foster*, '28, on his appointment as Assistant Plant Pathologist for British Columbia! "Bill" will carry on his investigations in the Dominion Plant Pathology Lab. at Saanichton, B.C. *Alan S. Galbraith*, '28, has captured the Shattuck scholarship in mathematics at Harvard. A note from *W. C. Whiteside*, '28, states that he has been doing P.G. work in London and Vienna. His address is c|o Canadian Pacific Express Co., 62 Charing Cross, London, S.W., England. *Beatrice Williams*, '28, is now teaching in the King Edward School, Edmonton. Her address is 10824 83rd Ave., Edmonton. The new crown prosecutor for Edmonton is *T. L. Cross*, '28. Another Scholarship in Chemistry! This has been awarded to *James P. McKenzie*, '29, by Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill. He will begin work in the autumn. *George Field*, '29, has been appointed to the Physics staff of the National Research Laboratory, Ottawa. He will work in ultrasonics at first. *Tom R. Haythorne*, '29, writes from 301-2 I.O.O.F. Building, Calgary (he is executive secretary of the Alberta Boys' Work Board), to say: "*The Trail* is making a really worth while contribution towards keeping Alberta graduates in touch with their Alma Mater." I clip the following modest statement from the "Edmonton Journal": "Dr. A. M. Revell ('29), dentist, announces the opening of his office at 313 Birks Building." Good luck, Andy! That faithful contributor to these pages, "Don Bee" MacKenzie '28, '30, is now (June 3) leaving for St. Paul, Alberta, where he will practise law with Mr. J. F. Buckley. He has all our good wishes!

LOST

The addresses of the following alumni. Help to keep the ranks by advising the Secretary of any you may happen to know!

Addison, Frank W., '24.
Alfred, Victor, '22.
Allen, Miss E. V., '18.
Appleton, H., '14.
Atkin, G. D., '22.
Atkinson, Miss Grace, '26.
Atkinson, Nelles H., '22.
Bailey, Kenneth L., '20.
Baker, Morris, '25.
Banfield, Mrs. O. (nee Bea Timmins), '24.
Barclay, Miss Elsie, '26.
Barnecut, Reg., '23.
Barr, Rev. A., '17.
Beach, J. E., '25.
Bell, R. C., '16.
Bendle, Mrs. F. J. (nee Beatrice Duke), '21.
Berkov, A. (B.Sc.), '15.
Berman, David, '21.
Bickell, Miss J. C., '24.
Bird, Harry, '15.
Bloor, W. G. K., '25, '27.
Boyd, J., '21.
Brown, Thomas (B.S.A.), '18.
Bryan, Helen A., '22.
Bures, Anton J., '24.
Burstein, J., '27.
Calhoun, W. C., '27.
Caldwell, G. G., '29.
Campbell, E. A. (M.D.), '26.
Cameron, G. J. (M.D.), '29.
Carlisle, J. A. (Pharm.), '27.
Chrisof, N. (LL.B.), '24.
Chrystal, Catherine, '21.
Colter, R. K., '20.
Cooper, R. H., '26.
Cumming, Irene, '27.
Davidson, Walter, '13.
Davies, C. E. (M.D.), '27.
Davies, J. H. (LL.B.), '22.
Day, E. W., '25.
Donaldson, Arthur, '22.
Dowding, Miss Silver, '23, '24.
Downing, Percy, '25.
Driscoll, John R., '25.
Edwards, Wm. H., '26.
Edwards, Cedric, '23.
Erdman, Miss N., '17.
Eubank, Miss M., '25.
Evans, Eileen, '25.
Evans, R. W., '22.
Ferguson, F. H. (B.Sc.), '26.
Ferguson, Miss Lola, '22.
Fetter, R. E., '22.
Fisher, Harry, '23.
Flack, Charles, '25.
Forster, H. E., '15.
Fountain, T. H., '28.
Francis, A. C. (B.A.), '22.
Fribance, Mrs. H. (nee Edna Carmichael), '16.
Fulton, J. B., '18.
Gaetz, H. R. (Pharm.), '21.
Gale, H. L. (LL.B.), '25.
Garrison, Miss D., '22.
Gazley, Miss B., '27.
Gilbert, Verner, '17.
Genereux, A. G., '26.
Gish, W. K., '25, '26.
Glenn, John, '14, M.D. '25.
Gratz, Miss Alice, '26.
Gray, Francis, '21.
Hall, Miss Mildred, '21.
Hamilton, Rev. George, '20.
Hango, J. R., '29.
Hardin, Harry F. (Pharm.), '25.
Hearle, Eric, '25.
Henderson, James Ross, '26.
Henry, Halley (LL.B.), '23.
Hibbard, Miss A., '21.
Hibbard, R. J., '21.
Hinke, Miss L. M., '27.
Hope, Miss Jean, '23.
Iverson, R. C., '26.
Jampolsky, M., '22.
Johnson, E. A. (M.D.), '28.
Johnston, H. C. (LL.B.), '22.
Kask, Miss Mary, '22.
Keir, Miss C. M., '28.
Kennedy, Miss Anne, '25.
Lake, Miss Ethel, '20.
Lampert, Mrs. L. L., '29.
Langford, Mrs. G. B. (nee Irene Frazer), '23.
Law, A. J., '11.
Lee, J. G. (B.A.), '24.
Legg, C. L., '14.
LePage, G. F., '22.
Lillico, Robert, '20.

Lynch-Staunton, Mrs. F. (nee Bea Adam), '27.
Macdonald, J. D. A., '25.
MacDonald, Neil D., '15, '16, '19.
MacDougall, W. R., '21.
MacLean, Murdock M., '16.
MacLean, R. R., '27.
MacVicar, John, '16.
McAllister, C. B., '21.
McAra, M. J., '25.
McCabe, J. O., '22.
McCorry, '24, '26.
McFarland, Miss Constance, '20.
McGookin, John Y., '21, '22, '24.
McKay, H. D., '24.
McKenzie, C. H., '27.
McLennan, J. A., '16, '17.
Martin, J. N., '20.
Martin, R. M., '16.
Matthews, Mrs. M. E. (nee Robertson), '27.
Matson, P. F., '24.
Menzies, E., '18.
Miller, G. M., '26.
Moraw, Miss May, '24, '26.
Morrison, D. M., '27, '28.
Muir, C. K., '23, '25.
Mulholland, Miss Elsie, '23.
Munro, Miss Margaret, '26.
Murray, Sister M. A., '23.
Nichols, Miss Irma L., '27.
Nielsen, J. B. D., '27.
Paton, Thomas, '20.
Pearson, W. C., '24.
Peterson, E. N., '27, '28.
Putland, A. K., '24, '27.
Read, H. E., '14.
Richert, C. H., '25.
Robinson, Harold, '17.
Russell, James (LL.B.), '22.
Sangster, Miss L. J., '26.
Scott, R. J., '29.
Shaver, Miss Alice, '25.
Sigler, D., '28.
Simensten, Miss G., '27.
Sinclair, Douglas C., '22.
Skippen, Mrs. E. (nee Mary E. Fowler), '13.
Smith, Edgar, '18, '24.
Smith, G. E., '26.
Smith, Miss Marion, '15.
Smithers, G. T., '21.
Soltau, W. G., '20.

(To be concluded)

Births and Marriages

BIRTHS

BAINBRIDGE—At Alliance, on April 11, 1930, to Rev. ('21, '23, '28) and Mrs. Sid. Bainbridge, a son, Nelson William.

BAINBRIDGE—At Viking, on May 21, 1930, to Rev. ('21, '22) and Mrs. J. W. Bainbridge, a daughter, Doris Claire.

FLEMING—At Summerland, B.C., on March 13, 1930, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Melvin Fleming (B.S.A. '29), a son, Wm. Edwin.

KIDD—At Drumheller, Alta., on October 4, 1929, to Mr. ('16) and Mrs. G. L. Kidd, a son, Robert Keith Muir.

STEWART—At Edmonton, on May 25, 1930, to Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Stewart ('25), a daughter.

COLEMAN—At Los Angeles, California, on June 2, 1930, to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Coleman, Jr. (nee Christine Dobry), '21, '22, a son, Rexford Lee. (Apt. 405, 334 N. Normandie, Los Angeles.)

MARRIAGES

McBEATH—MELDRUM—At Raymond, Alberta, on Wednesday, April 2, 1930, Delvoir, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Meldrum, to Thomas Campbell ('28), B.S.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. McBeath, of Vancouver, B.C. Mr. and Mrs. McBeath will make their home in Raymond.

MORRIS—McMILLAN—At Edmonton, on April 11, 1930, Thelma Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Arthur McMillan, to Darcy Drummond ('28), son of Mr. and Mr. J. H. Morris of Edmonton. Mr. and Mrs. Morris will make their home in Trail, B.C.

FIELD—RICHARDS — At Edmonton, on Monday, May 19th, 1930, Jean Olive, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Richards, to George Sidney ('29, '30), son of Mr. and Mrs. James Field, of Edmonton. Mr. and Mrs. Field have made their home in Ottawa.

McDONALD—ARMSTRONG—At Saskatoon, on September 30, 1929, Helen ('25), daughter of Mrs. G. C. Armstrong, to John Angus, son of Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, of Calgary. Dr. and Mrs. McDonald are in Vienna.

HANSEN—SWINARTON—At Macleod, Alberta, Saturday, March 22, 1930, Wilma Kathleen ('28), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Swinarton, of Macleod, to Darrel A. ('28), son of Mr. and Mrs. Hansen, of New Westminster, B.C. Mr. and Mrs. Hansen will make their home in Calgary.

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